

# "The Woman Tempted Me and I Fell," Plea of Horse Doctor In "Mad Love" Affair

## 'DOC' ROBERTS LONGED TO GO TO "PASTURE" WITH HIS LOVE

(Continued from First Page.)

She was writing for me on "Cattle Breeds and Their Origin."

Q—Where were you at the time of the second kiss?

A—We were both standing.

Q—How long an interval passed while you were in the room?

A—Twenty or thirty minutes.

Just a Kiss—That's All.

Q—What was said before the first kiss?

A—We were talking about the article on cattle breeds.

Q—Is there anything else that happened that time?

A—Nothing else that I recall.

Q—When was the second kiss?

A—A few minutes after the first.

Q—Do you remember anything about that?

A—No.

Q—Which kiss did you give her, and which did she give you?

A—I don't remember.

Q—Was that the first time you interviewed her alone?

### AMUSEMENTS

**TODAY'S FILM THEATER ATTRACTIONS**

**PLAZA**—424 9th St. N. W. TODAY—FRANKLIN FARM IN "FAST COMPANY."

**LEADER**—507 9th St. N. W. TODAY—GEORGE WALSH In "The Lizard of the Desert," "BRAVE AND BOLD." For Amazing "Stunts" this production has never been surpassed.

**OLYMPIC**—1421 U St. N. W. TODAY AND TOMORROW—MONTAGU LOVE In "The Ope Beater."

**STRAND**—1421 U St. N. W. TODAY—H. R. WARNER In "GOD'S MAN."

**GARDEN**—1421 U St. N. W. TODAY—MONROE'S FALSBURY In "THE GUILT OF SILENCE."

**CRANDALL'S**—1421 U St. N. W. TODAY—ETHEL CLAYTON In "THE JOURNEY'S END."

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A—It's the first I recall.

Q—When was the next time you saw her alone?

A—I took her for an automobile ride.

Q—What happened then?

A—I don't remember.

**Memory Is Faulty.**

The cross-examination then went again to the episode when Dr. Roberts went to Chicago and met Miss Lusk at the Grand Pacific Hotel. Dr. Roberts related a great deal on "I don't remember" to bring him through.

His testimony was the same as just before he quit the stand last evening.

Q—In what part of the train did you ride when you went from Chicago to Milwaukee?

A—In the parlor car.

Q—Why did you go to Chicago?

A—To work on my book.

Q—What work did you do on the book?

A—We reviewed it, and each made some suggestions.

Q—Can you remember anything else?

A—Yes, we made some corrections in the typewritten copy.

Q—What next do you remember about going to Chicago?

A—Well, I used to go there every week or so on business trips. She went there to work on the book.

Q—You have no recollection you say of what you discussed?

A—None except as it referred to the book.

Q—Can you remember nothing else that was said or done?

A—No, but as I said we talked on different subjects.

Q—Do you remember any of the subjects?

A—No.

Q—But surely you did other things than just prepare and handle that book?

A—Perhaps, but I don't remember.

Q—Who paid the hotel bills on these Chicago trips?

A—I paid mine, and Miss Lusk paid hers.

Q—At what hotels did you stop?

A—At the Grand Pacific and the Sherman House.

Q—Surely you can remember doing something else?

A—Sometimes we would go to moving picture shows. Once we saw a play called "Fair and Warmer."

Q—Where did you lunch together?

A—At the Boston Oyster House.

Q—Who paid for the lunch?

A—I did.

**WOMAN TEMPTED ME AND I FELL, IS PLEA OF HORSE DOCTOR**

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

WAUKESHA, Wis., May 18.—The woman tempted me, and I fell. This was the plea of Dr. David Roberts, on the witness stand yesterday at the trial of Grace Lusk for the murder of his wife, Mary Newman Roberts.

It was the big sensation of the trial to date. The atmosphere of the courtroom grew electric; the crowd gasped; they lurched forward like people looking at a crucial scene flashed on the screen at the movies.

In the witness chair sat Dr. Roberts.

Q—You were the first to see Miss Lusk when she came to Chicago?

A—Yes.

Q—When did you see her?

A—On May 10, 1917.

Q—Where did you see her?

A—At the Grand Pacific Hotel.

Q—What were you doing there?

A—I was writing my book.

Q—What book?

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eris, scared looking and furtive, his little, twinkling black eyes batting with nervousness.

"She asked me if I loved her, and I replied, 'Miss Lusk, I honor and respect you, but I am a married man.'"

"What did she say then?" asked Walter Corrigan, for the State.

"She said," answered Roberts, never flinching in Miss Lusk's direction, "that she wanted, most earnestly, to go on a trip to Chicago and have a good time."

**Her Breast Heaved.**

Miss Lusk, who had heard the first of the doctor's testimony with twisting hands and heaving breast, sprang to her feet and protested in a sweet, high voice: "It isn't true; oh, it isn't true."

Judge Lucke thundered with his gavel. The woman on trial seemed to crumple in a moment or two; then she crumpled into a heap in her old father's arms. He sobbed and rocked her as if she were a little child, and not ten feet away sat the horse doctor, endeavoring to paint himself in the terms of a model husband.

In varying instances, he related how he told Miss Lusk that he was married. (Oh, a very cautious Samson was this, and one that did not yield lightly to the entreaties of Delilah.)

Even when he confessed that he felt and was guilty of violation of the Mann act, the whole trend of his testimony was that there was no escaping the woman. He was the victim, not she.

Grace Lusk started at him and the pupils of her eyes were dilated. There was no abrid of the old love in her glance.

The little high school girls and the "sub-debs" that flocked to the trial hall and with rows of ribbons in their hair that is often turned up, yelped at the two.

**Went Smack Back on Her.**

"So this was love, and the man went smack back on the woman like that," one gasped half aloud.

In the meantime Dr. Roberts, still clinging to the role of Samson, was identifying various love letters that he and Miss Lusk had exchanged. Matters between them had progressed pretty far by this time; they were taking trips together all over the country.

The love letters of Samson were as unimpressive as his personality. They are full of abbreviations, chopped-off sentences, and sounded more like the directions for administering row tonic or horse pills than the tender effusions of a strong man and this of a lady woman, and that is the picture of himself that Dr. Roberts is trying to flash on the screen of public opinion.

He wrote her of being in Chicago, "where our tracks are still fresh in the sands of the shore."

Again he wrote the day was fine; he felt like going out to pasture with her.

**Clever Little Turns.**

Her letters to him were the well-expressed letters of a woman of education; they had clever little turns of expression in them. She told him: "When he liked her again to call her up, but if he was angry, he could call her down."

He did not sign his name to any of his letters; curious streaks of caution like that crop out continually in their relations. She signed her letters. She seemed to assume all the responsibility of the affair—he was fortive.

Again the high school young ladies took mental notes.

"Is it well to do all the chasing?" their round eyes seemed to ask, and the high school jury has made up its mind about a thing or two during this trial, of that one may be certain.

Earlier in the day, during the brief morning recess, I had a little

**AMUSEMENTS**

**NATIONAL**—TONIGHT at 8:30. THE GEO. M. COHAN REVUE. With NORA BATES and J. R. HODG. Presents The Sensational Natural Color Animated Pictures Prima Process.

**THE LURE OF ALASKA**

Thrillingly described by man who made them. DR. LEONARD F. BUDENZ. Starting: Awe Inspiring, Exciting and Educational. Seats selling. Prices 25c to \$1.00. STARTING MONDAY—SEATS NOW.

**ALL WEEK STARTING SUNDAY**

**IS The Accusing Finger of Your ?**

**Daughter Pointing at You ?**

**"It's Your Fault, Mother, You Didn't Tell Me!"**

**TURN TO THE RIGHT**

The Comedy That Will Live Forever. Original New York Cast.

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## Daniels, 56 Today, Thankful for Health To Do Navy's Work

"I am thankful for having the strength and health to be on the job today during these strenuous times when every man is needed at his post. Yes, I'm fifty-six years old today, but I do not feel the weight of my years."

"As for the navy, it is the greatest fighting organization of the time and ready to prove itself in the eyes of the world, and I'm proud to have a place in it."

This was Secretary of the Navy Daniels' message today, when congratulated by The Times on reaching the fifty-sixth milestone of his career.

The Secretary is celebrating his natal day in the usual manner—at his desk, directing the work of the navy.

Josephus Daniels was born in Washington, N. C., May 18, 1862.

talk with Grace Lusk. Her glance is very direct; she looks one squarely in the eye. I told her I heard that she had done a good deal of war work while waiting for the trial.

"I did what I could, knitted a little; there wasn't much I could do."

**The Bench.**

**Slayer-Teacher Like a Tired Child at Trial, Artist Finds**

By BONNIE ROYAL.

WAUKESHA, Wis., May 18.—If "life's a stage and we are but actors on it," the opening of Judge Martin Leuker's Waukesha court room came as one of the scenes in one of the most vivid tragedies ever enacted behind American footlights.

Lily white was Grace Lusk, and like a lily her tall, slim figure swayed and seemed to need the support offered in the arm of her counsel, Henry Lockney.

It was a long journey for her from the door behind the judge's bench to the defendant's chair.

"How changed she seems," passed over the crowded court room, where her friends of happier days tensely watched her every step.

"She is so pale," said some one. Pale indeed she was. The paper white of her linen waist had scarcely less color than her face.

Like a tired child she sank into the defendant's chair. And then it was that the simplicity of her dress was noticed. She wore the conventional dark blue tailor made, with shiny pearl-gray shoes and gray silk hose to match. The front of her waist was covered with baby tucks, and the flaring stand-up collar was tied with a bow.

Her friends noticed these things. Such is the attention we pay to details when life is at stake.

But details and everything else is forgotten, for—presto, enters Dr. Roberts, whose wife was slain.

There is no music to herald this actor in the great tragedy. So we don't know whether he is to be the hero, the heavy villain, or maybe the comedian in the play.

**BOARD OF TRADE HOLDS ITS ANNUAL SHADBAKE**

With weather apparently designed especially for shad-baking, the Washington Board of Trade is today holding its annual shad-bake at Chesapeake House.

The first train to the beach left New York avenue and Fourteenth street at 9:45 this morning, loaded with a holiday crowd. The second train left at 11.

The program today is of a patriotic nature. Three of Potomac's regiments, Sergt. John J. Hoffman, Corporal Roy Smith, and Private John Pedersen, will tell their experiences on the front. Miss Fanning, a Hawaiian section, a male quartette, and the Soldiers' Home Band is featuring the program.

Board of Trade members will show their athletic prowess this afternoon in a baseball game between the boys and the team.

**TAPS CARTRIDGE ON HIS DESK; COMPANION IS SHOT**

The accidental explosion of a cartridge resulted in a painful injury today to William Swindell, of Rosedale, Md., a clerk in the water department of the District building. The bullet struck Swindell on the right cheek, causing a jagged wound.

William Moore, another clerk in the office, tapped the cartridge on a desk and it exploded. Swindell was taken to his home in an ambulance.

**"ENLIGHTEN THY DAUGHTER"**

It fearlessly but inoffensively tells the truths that you have hesitated to explain to your children.

7 ACTS—1,000 THRILLS—8 STARS—500 SCENES

Mats. 15c CASINO Eves. 20c

F Street at 7th

**CASINO**

## BONNIE ROYAL SKETCHES COURT AND SCHOOL TEACHER DEFENDANT



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**"ENLIGHTEN THY DAUGHTER"**

## HORSE DOCTOR, IN TEARS, TELLS OF WIFE'S SAD END

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

WAUKESHA, Wis., May 17.—The most interesting development in the afternoon session of the Grace Lusk trial for the killing of Mrs. Mary Newman Roberts, was the breaking down of Dr. Roberts when he told of finding his wife mortally wounded, on the roof of the Mills' home.

The doctor had driven his wife to Miss Mills for the fatal interview and left her. Some one called him to the telephone, and said something had happened.

He told how he went to the Mills' home, pushed open the door, called, "Hello, hello," and no one answered.

The little doctor is not a dramatic person; it was perhaps this very quality that put a thrill of suspense in his "Hello, hello," and no one answered.

"What did you do then?" asked Mr. Corrigan.

"I went into the parlor and found my wife breathing her last."

**Puckered With Tears.**

He paused for a moment; the spectators stared at this man whose "affairs" had given so much trouble to the dead woman. He could not go on with his testimony; the race was pucker with tears.

The testimony halted for a moment. As he struggled with the account of his gruesome find.

So the dead wife had had her place in her philanthropic husband's affections. Miss Lusk sat directly in front of him and never took her eyes from his face. She had removed the rather large hat she was wearing during the trial, and she looked more worn and pale than she has appeared at any time since the trial began.

The doctor, without a glance in her direction, went on with his testimony.

He went out and found Blott, his assistant, and said:

"My word, see what has happened to poor Mary."

He lost control of himself a second time when he told of the bullet holes in the blue silk sweater his wife had worn at the time of the shooting.

Mr. Corrigan asked if he had found any powder marks on it, and Roberts said: "No, I would have been sure to see them, as I washed the sweater myself before I gave it to my little niece."

**Breaks Up Doctor.**

The incident of the sweater broke up the doctor. It added another turn to the intricate human maze. Alive, the veterinarian's gay philandering caused his wife endless unhappiness.

But he wept when he remembered the death she suffered.

Things came as thick and fast today that the surprised spectators spectators turned attention from one love letter to another like children who have had a choice of too many sweets.

All letters bore on the same theme: Tell your wife of the relations that exist between us, then let her depart from your life. This was repeated and repeated, yet the situation apparently remained the same. Dr. Roberts would neither be off with the old love nor be on with the new. He philandered with his wife and Miss Lusk as he had philandered from the beginning.

There were quarrels and quarrels on the same subject in the letters. Miss Lusk wanted him to tell his wife that she "as the chosen woman" and get Mrs. Roberts, as the superfluous angle of the triangle, eliminated herself. They began quarreling on this subject as far back as the autumn of 1916.

**Wanted To Go Motoring.**

Miss Lusk wanted to be taken motoring; the doctor could not comply because he had promised to take his wife to a country club to dinner. Neither woman got his company on that occasion.

There was another time when they engaged a room together at a hotel and Miss Lusk said: "I want you to promise me right now that you love me better than any one else on earth, and I want you to tell Mrs. Roberts so."

"I said that was impossible," the doctor repeated. She pointed a gun at him, and told him if he did not swear on the Bible that was on the bureau she would kill him. She did not take the Bible there for that purpose; the American Bible Society leaves them in hotels; doubtless, they sometimes serve strange purposes, as in that instance.

The little doctor depicted himself as fighting the doctor could not turn yet, according to his own testimony, he invariably fell after her burst of conjugal eloquence.

It is a strange tale that went from bad to worse. No married life could have been as full of quarrels and contentions of the strange near-domesticity that Miss Lusk and Dr. Roberts maintained at hotels, on motor trips.

His testimony conveyed that he turned from the bickering of the illicit love affairs to his own heartthrob for peace. Perhaps that was why he broke down and cried when he told of washing his wife's blue silk sweater for his little niece.

**AMERICA'S HELP ASSURES VICTORY, SAYS GEN. SMUTS**

GLASGOW, May 18.—"The enemy is now awake to the power of the Americans, who at last realized the great danger to the world. Our American allies are coming over by the tens of thousands monthly, in order to bear their fair and proper share of the trouble."